

THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY JAMES GRANT, AUTHOR OF "RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS," "THE GREAT METROPOLIS," &c. AND FRANCIS ROSS, FORMERLY SOLE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL.

No. 1. New Series.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1841.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Illustrations of Humanity. No. 1.—The Drovers	2	Literary Chit-Chat	7
Sketches of Distinguished Men. By the Author of "Random Recollections," &c. No. 1.—M. Guizot	3	Pictures of Life. By Miss E. Watts. No. I.—The Man with Two Strings to his Bow. Part the First	7
POETRY: The Dying Boy	5	To the Old and New Readers of the London Saturday Journal	9
The Months of the Year.—January	6		

A SCENE IN SMITHFIELD.



J. RIDER, PRINTER,
VOL. I.

[BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE.
B

ILLUSTRATIONS OF HUMANITY.

No. I.—THE DROVERS.

ALL our provincial peculiarities will gradually disappear, as the highways and byways of the United Kingdom become "free and easy" to the entire population. John Bull himself will lose his identity: that immortal personage, in top-boots, flame-coloured waistcoat, and rosy gills, reflecting a flood of moonlight from the effects of beef and beer, will fade from the presence of our imaginations, and become but the "shadow of a shade." Father Mathew is also assisting to destroy our household image of Paddy. No longer (if faith in Temperance is stedfast) shall we see the type of the emerald isle in the shape of a Donnybrook hero, twirling a shillelagh high above a *caubeen*, whose skylight liberally admits all the elements of heaven,—the toes gazing abroad on the world through the things called shoes, and the compound of mirth and mischief in making the echoes ring with his *whoop*, or "wild Irish cry." Tartan and Scotchmen are also losing their hold on each other, and it is now not considered an essential characteristic of Sandy, that he should be represented as feeding exclusively on oatmeal, wearing a kilt, and jiggling to the skirl of a bagpipe.

Some years ago, we met with a ludicrous exemplification of that sort of *generic* association, which combines with the idea of the natives of a particular country the idea of some particular and distinctive characteristic. An American Quaker took a trip from New York to Quebec, and then published an account of his travels. The book was a very amusing one, being full of an artless and ludicrous simplicity. At Quebec there happened to be a small vessel from Glasgow; in those days steam was but trying its "prentice hand," and Sir Walter Scott was in the fulness of his fame. Now our traveller gazed on the little vessel which had actually come from the Broomielaw, gone down the Clyde, crossed the Atlantic, and ploughed up the St. Lawrence, as if it had been a vision from a far-distant land; and he writes down in his journal—"How interesting to one who had read Burns and Scott, to see the sailors in their blue bonnets and plaids!"

Scotch sailors in blue bonnets and plaids! We might as well have had English sailors in top-boots and scratch-wigs. The truth is, the worthy man's brain had a great deal of *tartan* in it; he had, as he intimated, read Burns and Scott; and probably, seeing a poor Highland shepherd pacing the deck, musing, perhaps, on the Scotch home he had left, and the Canadian home he had come to seek, he multiplied the emigrant into the crew of the vessel, and then burst out with his bit of sentiment about the sailors in their blue bonnets and plaids.

There are, however, distinctive characteristics of classes and of nations which no blunders of travellers can affect, and which it will take a long time for steam-boats and railroads to destroy. Nay, the very

changes in our social condition which new inventions and new states of existence produce, also produce new groupings of character, and new classes of individuals. On the principle, therefore, that man can never be wholly indifferent to his fellow-man, we propose from time to time, to give pictorial and pen-and-ink sketches of our fellow-creatures, under the different aspects which their occupations or localities cause them to exhibit. These will be our phases of humanity,—man as he is, or man as he has been; and in so doing, we shall not be confined to any particular time or country, but range at will through all periods and places.

Let us, in imagination, (it is not very pleasant to do it personally) take our station in Smithfield Market, early on a Monday morning, towards the close of the year. It is so arranged that the cattle arrive in the outskirts of London on Sunday, and towards evening they are driven into the city. During the dark nights of winter, when the supply of cattle in the market is greatest, and especially about the time of what is called "the great market," shortly before Christmas, the scene is terrific. The drovers are furnished with torches, to enable them to distinguish the marks on the cattle—to put the sheep in pens, and to form the "beasts" into droves. The latter are placed with their heads towards the centres of the droves, which is done for the purpose of enabling the purchasers to examine the bodies of the animals more easily. This is not accomplished without very great exertion. The different flocks of sheep have to be kept from mixing with each other, and the bullocks are severely beaten over the nostrils to compel them to form into the drove or circle, and then to stand patiently. The lowing of the "beasts," the tremulous cries of the sheep, the barking of dogs, the rattling of sticks on the heads and bodies of the animals, the shouts of the drovers, and the flashing about of torches, present altogether a wild combination. The spacious area of Smithfield has been very much improved recently, and there is far less confusion than there used to be: railed-in footways for passengers lead through the pens, and lamps shed something like light over the space: still, Smithfield market on a Monday morning, however picturesque, is any thing but an inviting scene.

As morning breaks, the purchasers arrive, and arduous work it is for buyer and seller. When a bullock has been purchased, it has to be separated from the drove; and the poor animal is not only reluctant to be driven out, but naturally dreading a repetition of its former treatment, it thrusts its head into every drove it passes, causing a shower of blows to descend on it and every animal it disturbs. Then a flock of sheep, when let out of a pen, run hither and thither; sometimes on emerging from the market, scattered by a cabriolet, a coach, or a cart, and sometimes darting away in every direction but the one they are wanted to go. It may be very droll for the passenger to stand and enjoy the scene, as the scared sheep bolt hither and thither; but to the drover it is exceedingly exhausting; and we dare say, many of them would, for the time, prefer a short turn at the

treadmill, to guiding a flock of sheep through the crowded streets.

Look at our drovers. They are reposing from their toils, and draining a quart of "heavy wet," to recruit their exhausted spirits. "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat," once shouted Dr. Johnson, when the spirit of burlesque was on him, and he wanted to ridicule "who governs freemen should himself be free." Who ever saw a fat drover? Fat graziers enough may be seen, jolly fellows, all true resemblances of John Bull; but a fat drover saw we never none. Lean they are universally; ay, and we are sorry to say, dull enough in all conscience; there is but little "speculation" in their eyes—their faces beam not with intelligence. Yet the citizen need not despise the poor drovers. To their care is entrusted the better part of a Londoner's life—juicy beef, sweet mutton, tender veal: what would become of two millions of inhabitants of this metropolis—this great flesh-devouring metropolis, if the drovers were "to strike," and thus cause a failure in the supply of rump steaks and stewed kidneys? The drovers too, are not all as dull as the bullocks they drive. A few of them have something to say about "long horns" and "short horns," and "large bones" and "small bones;" and though their business is to drive cattle, not to "judge" them, they can tell you something about the "breeds;" still, the "march of intellect" has but little disturbed the great body of the drovers, who tend their cattle as their fathers did before them; and, though one of the greatest "breeders" of England, Earl Spencer, was a patron of useful knowledge, we doubt if one of the tribe of drovers ever heard of the "Penny Magazine," or knows the meaning of "cheap literature."

We have put the question as to what the Londoner would do if the drovers were "to strike." But steam and railroads are beginning to answer that question. The last "great market" before Christmas was very scantily supplied as compared with former years; and though a main cause of this was the disease which has made such havoc amongst the cattle throughout Great Britain, still, there can be no question that the number of living animals driven up to Smithfield market will diminish instead of increasing. This is not to be wondered at when we know that oxen, sheep, and swine slaughtered on Saturday in Edinburgh can be exposed for sale in London on Monday; and this transmission of carcases to London is a greatly increasing business, being pursued with activity in every sea-port which is within five hundred miles of the metropolis, and has a steam communication with it. For our own parts, we should have no objection to see the drovers, like the stage coachmen, driven off the road; their business is not a *humanizing* one; and if we can have our tables loaded without the necessity of driving animals hundreds of miles, a benefit will be effected, both for man and the brute creation. As for Smithfield market, it has been exclaimed against as a nuisance for half a century; and, even with all the improvements effected within it, it is a nuisance still. But that "time and tide" in human

affairs, which is slowly changing the external aspect of all things, will at last lead to the abatement of the nuisance of Smithfield market.

SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

By the Author of "*Random Recollections*," "*The Great Metropolis*," "*Portraits of Public Characters*," &c.

No. I.—M. GUIZOT.

THE prominent position which M. Guizot now occupies in the eyes of Europe, and the influence which he is, in all probability, destined to exert on the well-being or otherwise, of the civilized world, render him an object of peculiar interest not only to his own countrymen, but to mankind generally. Of his career, since he entered public life, very little is known in England; of his early history, still less. It will therefore be my object to blend a few biographical particulars respecting the Prime Minister of France, with my estimate of his mental resources and the sketch I shall endeavour to give of his personal appearance.

M. Guizot's father was a distinguished advocate at the French bar. When in the height of his reputation, and in the full tide of professional success, he was suspected of being opposed to Robespierre and the other leading revolutionists, who were then (early in the spring of 1794) deluging France with the blood of her children. To be suspected was, with these civilized savages, synonymous with being convicted; and accordingly M. Guizot perished on the scaffold, at Nismes, on the 8th of April in that memorable year.

François Pierre Guillaume Guizot, the subject of my sketch, was then in his seventh year, but so remarkable was he for the precocity of his understanding, that he is said to have had as clear a comprehension of the causes, tendencies, and necessary effects of the revolution then marching with such fearful strides and carrying death and devastation wherever it went, as if he had reached the years of maturity. It is mentioned in proof of the precocity of his intellect, as well as of his judgment, that when only in the tenth year of his age, he read with facility in the original, the works of the most celebrated Greek and Roman writers, and the productions of the most philosophical authors of England and Germany.

His mother, after the execution of her husband, removed to Geneva, where he received the more advanced branches of his education. He evinced, when at college, a marked predilection for history and philosophy—the two departments of literature in which he has acquired the most brilliant reputation; though as a man of general information he occupies a distinguished place among the learned men of Europe.

In early life, M. Guizot is said to have exhibited a reserve in his deportment, amounting in many cases to positive rudeness. He shunned society whenever practicable, and sought no other companions than his books. Even after he had quitted college and repaired to Paris, with the view of qualifying himself for the bar, the gaieties and pleasures of that frivolous metropolis presented no attractions to his mind. The seclusion or isolation for which he had manifested so marked a partiality when a boy, he continued to court with an undiminished fervency of affection, now that he was treading on the precincts of manhood.

At this period he suffered considerable inconvenience from the pressure of pecuniary wants; and yet his spirit was too proud to solicit the temporary assistance of friends. The austerity of manner which had characterised him,

when a comparative child, was still visible, mingled with an air of melancholy, whenever forced by circumstances into intercourse with his fellow-men.

When he had completed, as far as circumstances enabled him to complete them, his preparations for the bar, he entered a distinguished family in the capacity of a private tutor. In that situation he remained for some time with much comfort to himself and satisfaction to his employer.

M. Guizot, when about his twentieth year, made his literary *début* in the pages of a Paris periodical, then under the editorial care of a young lady of noble family, but who having lost her father and her most influential relatives—some of them by natural death, and others by the guillotine,—was obliged to employ her talents and learning, which were great, in writing for the support of herself and those who were dependent on her. To the publication conducted by this lady, M. Guizot sent contributions every month. These elicited expressions of warm admiration from the pen of the fair editress, and were read with gratification by the public. Still no one had the slightest idea from what quarter they proceeded. It so happened, that about this time, the lady was taken seriously ill, and, of course, obliged to suspend for a time all literary labour. M. Guizot having accidentally become aware of the circumstance, conveyed an anonymous intimation to her, that he (the correspondent whose writings she had so often praised,) would furnish all the requisite matter for the publication, until she had sufficiently recovered to be able to resume her editorial duties. And most ably and faithfully did he fulfil his promise. The lady felt, on her restoration to health, that her noble-minded unknown friend had been the salvation of her work and in some measure of her fortunes. Soon afterwards, they chanced to meet in the house of a mutual friend, but without the lady having the slightest idea that the correspondent to whom she felt so deeply indebted was present. In the fulness of her heart she then and there, as she was in the habit of doing in every company in which she chanced to mix, gave utterance to her gratitude, accompanying it with expressions of the deepest regret that she had not the happiness of knowing the generous individual to whom she was laid under such infinite obligations. The reader is left to imagine what must have been M. Guizot's feelings, while all this was passing in his presence. The lapse of time, so far from deadening the lady's sense of gratitude to the friend who had so gallantly rushed to her aid in the hour of need, only served to deepen the feeling, and to impart an additional intensity to her desire to have an opportunity of thanking him in person. With this view, she inserted a paragraph in her publication, imploring her benefactor—for such as well as friend she considered him to be—to communicate his address to her. The notice appeared at certain intervals, without eliciting the desired information. At length, however, seeing she persisted in repeating it, as if resolved not to be defeated in an object so dear to her heart, M. Guizot forwarded his address to the office of the lady's publication. A personal interview between the parties was the result. The formation of a mutual friendship followed; that friendship soon ripened into reciprocal love; and that love after the lapse of a limited period, was crowned and consummated at the hymeneal altar. One would explore in vain the almost boundless regions of romance, in quest of a matrimonial union having been formed under more singular circumstances.

For some years after his marriage, M. Guizot applied himself exclusively to literary pursuits. Until an advanced period of his life, he knew comparatively little of politics. Accident, rather than choice, eventually induced him to launch on that stormy and perilous ocean,—perilous

to one's mental peace, and often to his public character. This was in 1814, when he was appointed Secretary to the new Minister of the Interior. Circumstances concurring to afford him an opportunity of displaying his wonderful and varied talents, he rose step by step, until he reached the highest pinnacle of distinction to which a subject can attain—that of Prime Minister to his Sovereign.

For the last ten or twelve years, M. Guizot has acted so prominent a part in the drama of French politics, as to leave him but little leisure for application to literary or philosophical pursuits. The most remarkable production which, in the course of that period, has proceeded from his pen, is his celebrated treatise on European Civilization; in which he advances the extraordinary and startling theory, that in order to the social regeneration of Europe, there must be an amalgamation of the three great religions, Protestantism, Catholicism, and Infidelity. Some may demur to the class of opinions represented by the latter term being regarded as a religion at all. My own impression is, that infidelity ought to be looked on as a system based on the entire absence of religion. But on a theme so fertile and important I must not enter now: other opportunities for recurring to it may soon present themselves.

M. Guizot's works are voluminous in number and varied in character. His earliest avowed production appeared in 1809; its subject will be inferred from the title—"A Dictionary of *Synonymes." A translation into French, of Gibbon's "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," speedily followed. Shortly after the appearance of the latter work, he brought out his "Lives of the French Poets." M. Guizot's next work of any extent and importance, was his "Memoirs of the Revolution in England." This work was published in 1825, and was followed, after a short interval of time, by his "Memoirs of the Kings of France." The latter production was soon succeeded by his "Essays on the History of France;" in which a flood of new light is poured on the origin and early annals of the French nation. Among the latest of his literary productions, are his "Essays on Calvin and Shakspeare." The very choice of such dissimilar subjects as the character and works of Calvin and Shakspeare, furnishes of itself presumptive proof of the versatility of Guizot's genius.

During his short residence in England, M. Guizot repeatedly appeared in public. I chanced to sit for several hours, within two or three yards of him, on the occasion in June last, on which Prince Albert presided at Exeter Hall, at the great meeting for promoting commerce and civilization in Africa. He sat nearly all the time with folded arms, and with one knee thrown carelessly over the other. He listened with the greatest seeming attention to the different speeches delivered on the occasion; and appeared to take no ordinary interest in the proceedings. When Sir Robert Peel rose to address the meeting, he instantly fixed his eye on the right hon. baronet, and did not withdraw it for a moment, until the latter resumed his seat. If the expression of Guizot's countenance, on that occasion, furnished a correct index to what was passing in his mind, he must have listened with an admiration bordering on ecstasy, to the eloquent address, most chastely and impressively delivered, of the leader of the Conservative party.

But though on this occasion M. Guizot was a silent spectator of the proceedings, he has, on other occasions, in the same place, countenanced by a speech as well as by his presence, the Society whose interests the meeting had assembled to promote. He some time ago, addressed, at considerable length, in the same hall, a meeting of a Society, the name of which I forget at the moment, which

has for its object to promote the cause of Protestantism on the continent. And so correctly does M. Guizot speak English, that, but for the peculiar way in which he pronounced the letter *r*, a person previously unacquainted with the fact, might have quitted the meeting without discovering that he was a foreigner. He has a singularly fine, clear, sonorous voice, and remarkably little of the nasal twang so characteristic of the pronunciation of Frenchmen. He speaks with a facility and fluency which are surprising in a foreigner. His enunciation is deliberate, and his manner calm and dignified. Unlike most of his countrymen, he is sparing of his gesture. Now and then, when referring to the warmth of his attachment to a principle or a cause, he slowly places his hand on his heart,—which when naturally done, usually carries with it a more complete conviction of the sincerity of the speaker, than the vehement utterance of mere words.

In the Chamber of Deputies, however, M. Guizot is represented by those who have often seen him mount the rostrum, as somewhat prodigal of gesticulation, when excited by opposition or by other causes. On such occasions, his dark piercing eye acquires an aspect of peculiar quickness; the muscles of his face are put in motion; and his arms are seen cleaving the air with no ordinary rapidity.

The countenance of M. Guizot has a mingled expression of thoughtfulness and dignity. You imagine you clearly discern in it indications of habits of profound meditation, blended with a decided consciousness of his intellectual superiority. Nor does this conviction vanish or become less confident, when he rises to speak. His speeches are instinct with philosophical matter, and are delivered with the aspect and manner of one who feels his mental superiority to most of those, if not to all of them, by whom he is surrounded. His manner is, as already remarked, calm and dignified; and the dignity of his aspect and delivery is not diminished by the smallness of his person. I know of no member of either House of Parliament, equally short and slender, whose appearance and manner of speaking are so much calculated to inspire respect. But though M. Guizot usually speaks in a subdued tone, and in a calm and dignified manner, no man can feel more acutely, or resent with greater warmth, any personal attack which may be made upon him. Naturally proud, as has before been remarked, his pride on such occasions triumphs over the cold composure of which his philosophy is at other times the parent; and he retaliates on his opponent with a bitterness of spirit, and a violation of the courtesies of society, which but ill comport with the demeanour expected from one who is so ambitious of being considered beyond the reach of those feelings, resentments, and passions, which influence the generality of mankind. He glories in his stoicism. There are no two incidents in his life on which he affects to look back with greater self-gratulation, than on reading with unmoved feelings, Bossuet's Sermons to his wife in her dying moments, and being the first to throw, without experiencing the least emotion of soul, a handful of earth on the coffin of his son, as the coffin containing that son's remains, was consigned to the tomb. And yet the man who prides himself on the stoical philosophy which could extinguish every vestige of tender or sorrowful feeling, on such affecting occasions, has not stoicism or philosophy enough to steel his mind against the attacks of an opponent in the Chamber of Deputies, or to control his temper when he rises to repel such attacks.

Let me here by way of parenthesis contrast the overwhelming grief which Burke felt, when death deprived him of his son, and the absorbing and settled sorrow which poor Lord Brougham still feels at the loss of his daughter, with the cold heartless philosophy with which M. Guizot

regarded the death of his son. How beautiful and lovely the spectacle of the two former illustrious individuals in tears! How repulsive the unmoved bosom,—how unamiable the heartless indifference of the latter!

In his political opinions, M. Guizot seeks to steer a middle course between an absolute monarchy, and a pure democracy. He is what in this country would be called a liberal conservative or moderate whig. Imitating, however, the memorable avowal of Earl Grey when he proclaimed, that should a struggle ever take place between the people and his order, he would stand by his order,—M. Guizot has declared, that in the event of a deadly combat occurring between a pure democracy and an absolute monarchy, he would at once identify himself with the latter cause, as being of the two evils incomparably the least.

M. Guizot is a man of the strictest integrity as a public character. It will therefore surprise no one to be told that he is very poor. His habits, however, are simple, and his expenditure is of course greatly limited. He lives in a small homely house, and glories in the humble aspect which his establishment presents. His age is fifty-one.

POETRY.

THE DYING BOY.

It must be sweet in childhood to give back
The spirit to its Maker; ere the heart
Has grown familiar with paths of sin,
And sown—to garner up its bitter fruits.
I knew a boy, whose infant feet had trod
Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,
And when the eighth came round and called him out
To revel in its light, he turned away,
And sought his chamber, to lie down and die.
'Twas night—he summoned his accustomed friends,
And, in this wise, bestowed his last request:—

“Mother—I'm dying now!
There is deep suffocation in my breast,
As if some heavy hand my bosom pressed;
And on my brow

I feel the cold sweat stand;
My lips grow dry and tremulous, and my breath
Comes feebly up. Oh! tell me, is this death?
Mother, your hand—

Here—lay it on my wrist,
And place the other thus beneath my head,
And say, sweet mother, say, when I am dead,
Shall I be missed?

Never beside your knee
Shall I kneel down again at night to pray,
Nor with the morning wake and sing the lay
You taught to me.

Oh, at the time of prayer,
When you look round and see a vacant seat,
You will not wait then for my coming feet—
You'll miss me there.”

“Father, I'm going home!
To the good home you spoke of, that blest land
Where it is one bright summer always, and
Storms do not come.

I must be happy then,
From pain and death you say I shall be free,
That sickness never enters there, and we
Shall meet again!”

“Brother—the little spot
I used to call my garden, where long hours
We've stayed to watch the budding things and flowers,
Forget it not!

Plant there some box or pine;
Something that lives in winter, and will be
A verdant offering to my memory,
And call it mine!"

"Sister—my young rose tree—
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,
I give to thee.

And when its roses bloom—
I shall be gone away, my short life done;
But will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb?"

"Now, mother, sing the tune
You sang last night; I'm weary and must sleep;
Who was it called my name? Nay, do not weep,
You'll all come soon!"

Morning spread over earth her rosy wings—
And that meek sufferer, cold and ivory pale,
Lay on his couch asleep. The gentle air
Came through the open window, freighted with
The savoury labours of the early spring—
He breath'd it not: the laugh of passers by,
Jarr'd like a discord in some mournful tune,
But marred not his slumbers. He was dead!



THE MONTHS OF THE YEAR.—JANUARY.

[We are indebted to Mr. Van Voorst, the publisher of Miller's "Beauties of the Country," for the pictorial illustration of the month of January, which we now present to our readers. Mr. Miller is a devoted admirer of rural scenery, and describes the aspects of the country in the different seasons of the year, with an earnestness and fidelity which none but one of Nature's enthusiasts could feel or display. We shall afterwards have occasion to refer to the beautiful and interesting volume from which we make our extract.]

The old horse shivers by the shed;
The meadow runnels cease to flow;
The woodman wearily doth tread,
Leaving his footmarks in the snow.
With muffled wheels moves on the wain,
So hush'd is silent winter's reign.

JANUARY is considered the severest month of the year, the season of storm and darkness, the dreary depth of winter. Still there is a bright hope thrown around this gloominess in the lengthening of the days: we see the sun rise earlier in the morning, and behold him lingering longer in the sky at evening, and feel assured that we are verging upon the threshold of spring. A walk in the country in frosty weather has many charms. The cold clear air gives a healthful glow to the blood, and sends it tingling through the frame. The unclouded sky is intensely blue, and the wide arch of heaven looks higher now than in the summer. The trees are covered with a beautiful hoar frost, "scattered," as the Psalmist says, "like ashes;" while in another passage it is compared to "salt poured on the earth, which, being congealed, lieth on the top of sharp stakes." I never look upon this wonderful silver frost-work without thinking of the feathery silver that hangs ruggedly upon the skirts of the clouds, the floating of the

sky. The humble grass is decorated with it, and may be seen bending in the fields like threads of crystal: the small bushes appear as if cut from the whitest marble. The long hedges are mantled with it, as if May had put out her loveliest blossoms; and the wide woods glitter with the dancing light in which they are robed. Every grove seems illuminated in the sunshine with a dazzling splendour beautiful as the unsullied clouds; and the ruddy squirrel, as it leaps from bough to bough, scatters around a thousand pearls.

Freezing showers often come down with considerable violence at this season: they have not, however, been so prevalent lately as they were several years ago. They glaze every thing on which they fall: I have seen birds with their wings so stiffened with ice, that you might take them up in the hand. Showers like these case the boughs of trees in glass, they incrust the walls of houses, and hang upon the manes of horses: they are thus beautifully described by Phillips:

"For every shrub and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow;
The thick-sprung reeds the watery marshes yield,
Seem polished lances in a hostile field;
The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing ether shine;
The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,
That wave and glitter in the distant sun;
When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies."

January derives its name from the Latin word *janua*, a gate or door; and as Janus was considered by the Romans to preside over the gates of heaven, so we have in the coming in of this month a new era, a renewal of time, the portal or gate that opens upon another year.

Winter is called a "dead season;" so it is to appearance, although Nature is now busily employed in preparing her gaudy garments for summer. Take but a brown hard bud from the hedges, dissect it, examine it well with the aid of the microscope, and there you will find the young leaf or tender blossom coiled up in its unsightly sheath, which, when unfolded, displays the green velvet richness which will ere long open its beauty. Look at the naked branch of a fruit-tree; how barren it appears! No leaf, no blossom, nothing that pleases the eye—it seems fit only for the fire; yet beneath its rough rind there is a mighty Mechanic at work, forming the substances of leaf and bark, bloom and fruit—an unerring Hand guiding the juices through thousands of invisible channels—an unflinching Alchemist, who will hang the rugged bough with golden fruit before autumn. Who doeth these things?

"Who hath divided a water-course for the overflowing of waters, or a way for the lightning of thunder; to cause it to rain on the earth, where no man is; on the wilderness, wherein there is no man; to satisfy the desolate and waste ground; and to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth? Hath the rain a father? or who hath begotten the drops of dew? Out of whose womb came the ice? and the hoary frost of heaven, who hath gendered it? The waters are hid as with a stone, and the face of the deep is frozen."*

The frost often lingers long with us at this period, making the earth hard as iron. Immense numbers of fish perish; and great care should be taken in breaking holes in the ice to give them air, and also to supply them with food, especially in ponds and reservoirs. The small birds are seen hopping about the stack-yards and before the door in quest of food; but there are many that never visit man for support even in the most rigorous season: we know not how they subsist. Some of them require insect food: the larks and wagtails forage among the stiff grass and furze-bushes, or by the sides of pools and ditches, where the winter-gnat is occasionally found sporting even now in the transient sunbeams. Other birds at this period find insects in a dormant state among mosses, in the decayed trunks of trees, and amidst the thatch and crevices of buildings. Hares are also tracked through the snow, which, having fallen to any considerable depth, prevents their escaping. Partridges are easily discovered amongst snow, in which they generally nestle,—in stubble-fields, or the withered fern on heaths. Wild geese are difficult birds to destroy. In Lincolnshire they use stalking-horses to approach them: these are generally made of straw. The birds usually rest upon a stile or gate, the lower branch of a tree, or straggling fence that encircles some pool in the marshes: when the person approaches near enough, he elevates himself suddenly and fires. They may be reached within a few yards by this method, if the stalker adopt the precaution of first showing himself at a distance, when their eyes become familiar with the object; but they are always considered "shy birds."

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.—No I.

The story of "Ten Thousand a Year," which is now appearing in Blackwood's Magazine, and is exciting so great and general attention, will, we have reason to believe, extend to five chapters more, though these will not in every instance appear in consecutive numbers of that periodical. It will afterwards be re-published in a detached form; most probably in two volumes.

* Job chap. xxxviii.

It is stated in the literary circles, that Mr. Ainsworth is to receive £1000. from the proprietors of the "Sunday Times," for his new romance of "Old St. Paul's," which is to appear in that Journal; exclusive of the right of republication in a separate form after the close of the present year. The first number of Mr. Ainsworth's other romance, announced to appear monthly in the same way as "The Tower of London," with illustrations by George Cruikshank, will not, we believe, be published for at least three months to come.

Mrs. Trollope's new novel, under the attractive title of "The Blue Belles of England," which commences in this month's "Metropolitan Magazine," will be published in three volumes, as a separate work, towards the end of the year.

The Messrs. Blackwood, of Edinburgh, the proprietors of the celebrated *Maga*, are just opening a branch establishment in Pall Mall, London, and are, we understand, to carry on the publishing business with great spirit.

The third series of "Sam Slick," which appeared ten or twelve weeks ago, has been the most successful work of the same size and price which has been published for some time past. The sale, we understand, is nearly 2000 copies.

A singular change has of late come over the spirit of works of fiction. Authors whose literary reputation was some years ago sufficient to insure a sale of ten or twelve hundred copies of any work they brought out in the department of fiction, cannot now calculate on a sale of more than 350 or 400 copies at most. Some of our most popular novelists, who five years ago could get £1000 for any three-volume work of fiction, cannot now get more than £250. or £300. Others of second-rate reputation, who in 1835 could easily get £400 for the copyright of such a work, cannot now obtain a single sixpence. It is thought by literary men who have turned their attention to the subject, that unless a re-action take place in the demand for works of fiction, there will not, in three or four years hence, be half a dozen authors in England who will be able to get for their novels or romances what a jury, when returning verdicts of damages, call "the lowest coin in the realm;" which being translated into more definite English, means "one farthing." Whatever works therefore of the circulating library class may after that period appear, must be published at the author's own risk and expense.

PICTURES OF LIFE.

THE MAN WITH TWO STRINGS TO HIS BOW.

PART THE FIRST.

THE Honourable Augustus Lennox was one of those happy beings who have no friends or relations to curb their liberty. He had early been left uncontrolled master of himself: from his infancy his actions had arisen only from impulse, his opinions from prejudice. In the disposal and management of a large fortune and fair estate he had sought his own gratification alone. He knew that he was rich and free, and he was very willing to believe, as he was often told, that he was also handsome, charming, clever, and accomplished. He did, in truth, add good humour and liberality to external advantages; and who is there thus circumstanced, who does not meet with many who will stoop to the meanness of flattery? Fortune seemed to delight in pampering him. Long before coming of age he plunged into all the gaiety of London with the eagerness of a novice: here too he was flattered and caressed by all; his self-complacency and self-love reached

their climax, and he never dreamed that disappointment could mingle in the glittering stream of life.

One sultry evening, towards the close of an unusually gay season, Augustus Lennox formed one among the mass that crowded the splendid drawing-rooms of the Duchess of * * * in Park lane; but the brilliantly-lighted rooms, the inspiring band, the tasteful decorations, the fragrant scent of the flowers, and the gay mazes of the dance, all failed to give him pleasure, for he had made these things a pursuit instead of a recreation, until even the rapacious fancy of youth was satiated, and losing their natural design, they had become only a toil. Too idle to dance, he ensconced himself within the shade of one of the bow-windows, and lifted aside the curtain to look out upon the moon-lit park. "I wish I had my horse," he thought, "how much better it would be to have a canter across the grass than to stay melting away here in these over-heated, over-crowded rooms." He turned from the window, and sought amusement in watching the scene in which he felt no inclination to mingle. It was entertaining to philosophise on all he saw, to infer from the varied expression of the countenances around him, the different feelings by which each was influenced. Some appeared to think only of themselves and their own gratification; and they, possibly, experienced as much pleasure as such characters are capable of enjoying; others sought only fame, and seemed to crave admiration even from the very musicians; their countenances showed that the result brought little but disappointment; while here and there was one who looked on, not with the inanity of satiety, but with the abstracted indifference of a sorrowing heart. But in all there was a coldness, an entire absence of the sympathies of friendship, that rendered that gay circle insipid, and even revolting. The feelings of the heart were absent, and without them society can have few charms. Augustus's meditations were interrupted by some young ladies, who having just been forced to abandon the giddy whirl of the waltz, were now commencing a lively discussion concerning the relative virtues of lap-dogs and canary birds.

"Well," cried one, "I do think that a sweet darling little bird is such an amusement."

"O yes, my dear, so it is," replied a fair young lady with a round face and light blue eyes; "but I think attending to a little beauty of a dog gives one so much employment."

"Why, it occupies good part of my mornings teaching my bird to sing," replied the other, casting a look of appeal towards Augustus.

"What a bore young ladies are!" he mentally observed.

"Now, don't you think, Mrs. Schneider," rejoined the first speaker, "that a bird furnishes more amusement, and can better drive away ennui, than a dog?"

Augustus was about to abandon his snug retreat, fairly driven away by the clatter of his fair neighbours, but curiosity prompted him to turn toward the person last addressed: it was one of the chaperons who had been, hitherto, sitting alone near where he stood; her dress was mean, and being made according to a fashion long past, it gave a very singular appearance to her tall, robust person; her features, in harmony with her figure, were large and coarse, and her exceedingly rosy face was surmounted by a profusion of ringlets, which the most complaisant friseur could not call by any other name than red.

"I am sure, my dear young lady, I am no great judge," replied the portly dame, "but Nelly knows better. I call her Nelly, ha! ha! Nelly, my dear, which are best, lap-dogs or canary-birds?"

The question was, at first, only answered by a laugh which proceeded from the bow of the next window; but that laugh was so full of youthful gaiety, so melodious,

so good-humoured, so hearty, yet withal so refined, so perfectly feminine, that the young man stepped forward, impelled by an irresistible impulse to see its owner. A fair, intelligent looking girl sat half hidden by the rich folds of the damask curtain; she was busily engaged newly arranging her half-faded bouquet; her dress was very simple, and her head had no ornament save her own soft sunny hair. She raised her laughing dark grey eyes to answer the question, and then they dropped again, and she became absorbed in her former employment. But still Augustus stood watching her joyous countenance as it varied with every changing feeling of her thoughts.

Could that sweet, lady-like girl be related to—be perhaps, the daughter of her vulgar-looking neighbour? He sat and thought of it until he fancied he could perceive a sympathy between the meanness displayed in the dress of the elder lady and the extreme simplicity observable in that of the younger: he even fancied it possible that, touched by the magic hand of time, the auburn bands of the maiden might resemble the flaming curls of the chaperon; and he thence fell into no very pleasing train of thought on the evanescence of all that man meets with to admire. But gradually his meditations became less sombre; he pleased himself with thinking that the young beauty took as little interest in the ball as he did, and he longed for an opportunity to ascertain if this were the case. "Perhaps," he thought, as he listlessly threw himself upon one of the seats, "Perhaps she too is tired of a ceaseless round of dissipation, and feels the want of something more substantial, more real—perhaps she too longs for a life less"—

"Why, Lennox, will not you join the dancers?" inquired a young friend of his who approached him at that moment.

"With pleasure," cried Augustus brightening, "if you will introduce me to that young lady."

"Oh certainly. What! the little dark girl with pearls in her hair?"

"No! no!" said Augustus with some impatience, "the fair girl with auburn hair and intelligent eyes."

"Oh! ah! I see now," answered the other with provoking indifference, "why, I am sorry to say I do not know her; but there are several in the next room I can present you to."

"Do you know Mrs. Schneider?" persevered the inquirer, "for I think the young lady must be her daughter."

"Why I do know Mrs. Schneider; but I do not think she has a daughter."

Augustus still urged his suit, and was accordingly introduced to the chaperon; but no offer followed of repeating the ceremony to the young lady. His friend again urged him to join in the dance, and before he could resist he was drawn into the adjoining room, and engaged for a set of quadrilles which threatened to last some twenty minutes or half-an-hour. To his horror too, he recognized in his partner the fair advocate of lap-dogs. His first idea was to gain from her the intelligence he was longing to acquire; but how could he make inquiries respecting one whom he had only heard addressed as Nelly, and who was, unluckily, at that time out of sight? To endeavour to describe, he felt would only be to discover more warmth than he chose to display: he therefore, as it was impossible to fix his attention on the aimless conversation of his partner, fell into the somewhat dangerous, but often refreshing expedient of dropping occasional random Noes and Yeses, Ohs and Ahs!

At length the tedious dance was ended; and then, as soon as he could get rid of his fair partner without any flagrant breach of politeness, he hastened back to the attractive bow window: its beautiful occupant was gone;

he looked round the suite of rooms, but she had evidently taken her departure.

The wax candles were burning low, the music had become spiritless, the decorations were covered with dust, the flowers were faded, and the dancers were, most of them, hastening to seek elsewhere, with the same chance of disappointment, more excitement and fresh amusement; Augustus also left, determining to pay his devoirs to Mrs. Schneider on the following day.

The night was too fair to be quitted, either for the purpose of seeking pleasure in another crowd, or of returning home to rest. Augustus sent his servant home with his cab that he might enjoy a solitary ramble.

TO THE OLD AND NEW READERS OF THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

ONE of those nobler creatures whose function it is to roam at large through the universe, has watched, with undiminished interest, through thousands and tens of thousands of years, the varied aspects of our floating globe. He saw it when it was a vapoury mass, as thin and unsubstantial as a comet; he saw it as it passed through its condensing states, and knew that it was preparing for some great purpose; he visited it at long intervals, and saw it at one time clothed with that luxuriant vegetation which now, converted into coal, warms our hearths and drives our steam engines; at another time convulsed, as it were, with internal agony, and blowing up, as if from a tremendous furnace, the mountains and hills that diversify our scenery, and supply our rivers. He crossed it at one era, and beheld its seas swarming with enormous life, and gazed with surprise at the fearful Ichthyosaurus, or fish-lizard, as it rose to the surface, opened its tremendous jaws, and swallowed myriads of its fellow-creatures, while its eye, capacious as a dinner trencher, glared in the light of the sun. Another time he saw the Megatherium grazing on the plain, digging up trunks of trees for its supper, while a huge elephant looked beside it as a calf to a cow, and in the distance a Dinotherium floated asleep in a river, moored to the banks by its tusks.

Now, though *weariness* is a sensation that belongs only to our humbler humanity, we yet use the language of men, in speaking of celestial natures. It is therefore allowable to say, that the CELESTIAL BEING who takes such a deep interest in our globe—the guardian SPIRIT of our earth—grew weary in his repeated visits. Millions and millions of times had the ball floated round the sun; thousands and thousands of years had he seen it peopled by successive tribes of a BRUTE CREATION, from the minutest and most exquisitely contrived shell-fish to the hugest and most tremendous marine or land monster; again and again had he seen the earth's inhabitants buried in the ruins of the surface, and oceans, continents, lakes, and rivers, change positions: still, amid all those varied changes, extending through vast periods, he saw no sign of the arrival of that INTELLIGENT BEING for whom these many preparations were made. He therefore grew weary with expectation; and the SPIRIT sighed, and reveren-

tially said—"How long, thou great CREATOR, enthroned in the midst of thy universe, will it be, ere thou bless me with the sight of MAN?"

Suddenly, another catastrophe occurred; the surface of the earth was in dark confusion; and Chaos reigned. "Is *this* the end of all things?" murmured the SPIRIT; shall the globe be dissolved without ever having been inhabited by an intelligence superior to those creatures, who lived only to *live*, and when they died, were buried in the earth, whose surface they augmented by their bodies?" But celestial music was heard—the "sons of God" were "shouting for joy." The rays of the sun once more penetrated the atmosphere, and revealed a new creation. MAN stood on the earth; the only creature who walked erect; allied to the lower animals in many appetites, and even inferior to them in native helplessness: yet endowed with faculties to render him "lord of creation," the monarch of the newly-arranged globe.

The guardian Spirit joined in the joy of his celestial brethren, and felt assured that now the DIVINE PURPOSE was developing, and that the earth would interest him more than it had ever yet done. Therefore he drew near to inspect the intelligent creature—the new prince and new inhabitant of the globe. He admired his graceful proportions; he felt delighted with that head, so unlike the heads of other animals; those arms, adorned with that remarkable and singularly serviceable THUMB, so unlike the fore feet of all other of the living tribes; and much he felt delighted with those lower limbs, jointed pillars, which showed that man was *not* destined to crawl on his belly, or to amble on all-fours, but to touch the earth as if distantly, and to look up to the skies. "Graceful, noble creature!" murmured the Spirit: but suddenly he paused, and asked himself, if this new being was intended to EAT, like all the creatures who had come before him, and along with him. And a feeling of disappointment chilled the Spirit, when he found that man, like his fellow-animals, had a mouth filled with teeth, and a stomach fitted for the digestion of food. "Ah!" (he sighed once more) "if this new and intelligent being is destined to EAT AND BE EATEN, like others of the brute creation, I do not think I shall love him for his intelligence. What! to see one man hunting another as the lion hunts the antelope! To see one human creature pouncing on another, and devouring the prey on the spot!"

The Spirit then examined *man's teeth*, and saw that they were different from those of the other animals. Though his jaws possessed canine teeth, they in no degree resembled the tremendous fangs of the lion or the tiger; and therefore the Spirit concluded that man was not intended to hunt down his prey, and rend it on the spot. But, again, was he to be an herbivorous animal—was he to "eat grass like the ox?" "That, too," thought the Spirit, "will be a humbling idea—for my *beau ideal* of earth's 'lord of the creation' must not graze in the field, cropping thistles like the ass." But, lo! man's teeth were found not to resemble the flat-crowned teeth of the herbivorous animals; and

though he seemed to be more allied, in structure, to the herbivorous than the carnivorous brutes, it was clear that he differed from them all. How then was he to eat? for unquestionably man was made for eating. The Spirit waited and watched, and saw man engaged in cooking, and then he knew that this new inhabitant of the earth differed from all its other inhabitants, by reason of being a *cooking animal*.

But was this to be the sole distinction of man?—was his intelligence all to be spent on the “Art of Cookery?” The Spirit had anticipated that man was to fulfil a nobler, a diviner purpose upon earth; and he longed to see its development. But generation after generation passed away, and the great moving principle of men seemed to be—“What shall I eat, and what shall I drink, and wherewithal shall I be clothed?” The Spirit had learned that MAN was to be a *PROGRESSIVE CREATURE*, and the only progress he seemed to make was in the art of cookery, and all the arts relating thereto. One man sowed a field, and other men came, when the grain was ripe, cut it down, and carried it away, robbing their fellow-creature of his labour and his food; and what was not carried away, was trampled down and destroyed. Men bred and fed cattle, watching them from birth to mature age as they watched their children; and when the creatures supplied them with milk and butter, other men came, drove them away, or slaughtered them. Even where men were in peace with each other, their prime occupation consisted in tending the brute creation—keeping watch over their flocks and herds; and this was called the patriarchal age—the age of a primeval felicity. “O, man, man!” murmured the Spirit, “thou art but, after all, a better kind of brute; the state of war seems to be the state of nature; and though man does not gobble up his fellows, like the ichthyosaurus or the shark, still men feed on men, and all they live for, is to devour much flesh!”

The Spirit fled from the earth for a season, and he roamed through other regions of the universe. Yet he yearned to return, for he felt as if the globe was his peculiar charge. When he did revisit us, he found that man was actually advancing—was actually a progressive creature. True it was, that large portions of the race had lost nearly all the *primeval civilization* with which man had originally been endowed, and had sunk into a state of barbarism, almost level with, if not below, the brutes. But other portions had retained much of that *primeval civilization*, and had added to it. They had discovered more ingenious modes of cooking their food. They had invented elegant vehicles for containing meat and drink. They made more comfortable and finer vestments, more splendid habitations, more comfortable furniture, and introduced new and ceremonious modes to regulate their intercourse with each other. Instead of rushing out in tumultuary hordes, they had learned to form armies obedient to the word of command, manufactured offensive weapons and defensive armour, and invented machines for throwing missiles, with which to destroy one another. “Man is advancing,” said the Spirit;

“he has advanced in the art of cookery, he has advanced in the art of drinking, he has advanced in the art of war—his progress is in the means of animal enjoyment, and in the modes of destroying life—but where is his progress in that great and divine purpose which I was led to expect that man came here to fulfil?”

Time rolled on; empires rose and fell; men lived and died; cities were founded with great expectation, and temples and palaces built with years of labour, and expence of treasure—and conquerors came and destroyed them. Peoples and tribes that had lost their primeval civilization, and had fallen into barbarism, came and destroyed nations advanced in the arts and the elegancies of life. Discoveries were made and lost. Books were written, and libraries formed—and burned. Men carved noble resemblances of themselves, and called the statues gods. “Is this a *progressive creature*?” again and again did the Spirit say, as he returned to look for progress—“alas, the progress of man is in a cycle, and when it revolves, he begins again!”

A gleam of hope dawned on the Spirit’s expectation, when he saw the *DIVINE FOUNDER* of Christianity on the earth, and sending his first messengers abroad to breathe a Divine spirit and purpose into the actions of men. “Now,” he thought, “will men arise from their animal life, and begin to exist universally as moral and intellectual creatures.” Years passed on, and Christianity, united to paganism and pomp and power, seemed to be rather retarding than advancing the progress of the human race. Mohammed arose, and the Spirit was grieved to see one truth compounded with so much falsehood, and seducing myriads of the family of man. Egypt, and its ancient civilization, seemed lost; Greece, and its fine arts, had all but perished; the rude people to whom had been entrusted the “oracles of God,” with all their high and inspiring literature, were scattered over the world. Christianity had fallen from its first estate. Rome, and its iron empire, was broken up, and men appeared as if universally converted into savages, every man’s hand being turned against every man. Alas, alas, human progress, instead of presenting the poor satisfaction of revolving in a cycle, seemed to be a crooked road ending in a slough!

Once more a new cycle began its revolution. New arts led to wondrous discoveries; powder and printing came into common use; guns and books were multiplied; men ventured to cross their own oceans, and discovered a *NEW WORLD* in their own world; the human mind seemed to take a new direction, and man to enter on a higher and nobler career. “Now,” thought the Spirit, “the time is come!” and he departed once more, for a season, that on his return he might have the exquisite enjoyment of beholding the earth in the possession of moral and intellectual creatures, who turned all the good gifts of God to good account, and made the globe a paradise. It was indeed, high time to see a change in the aspect of our earth; he was worn out—if a spirit can be worn out

—with watching, from generation to generation, the same follies and the same crimes repeated from sire to son; he had seen men torturing, burning, hanging, and drowning their fellow-men, because they held *opinions*; he had seen nations accumulating all their energy, power, and resources, and spilling their best blood, to enable them to destroy other nations; nay, he had seen, from time to time, nations at war with themselves, and tearing out their own eyes!

Still, though man was slowly becoming more *knowing*, he did not appear to be *wiser*. The creature had found out no better mode of getting rid of a king who had given real or supposed cause of offence, than by chopping off his head, or driving him out by fire and sword; old women were burned for witches, at the very time that philosophers were discovering the secrets of the universe; and, at a period later still, while political economists were expounding the true sources of national wealth, statesmen sagacious and profound, generals daring, patient, prompt, undaunted and quick-sighted, and soldiers resolute and courageous, were employing all the resources of modern science, for the purpose of destroying national wealth. If a colony quarrelled with its mother country, there appeared no other way of settling the dispute, than by a struggle, terminated by the defeat of the weakest; and when a country demanded "reform" and "liberty," it seemed necessary to enforce its demands, by causing human heads to roll on the ground, like drops of rain in a heavy shower. And out of a "confusion of confusions," there arose one man, a mortal, like his fellow-men, who moved masses of his fellow-creatures as if he were a god, rolled them on other nations, trampling down and wasting, and who, after an interval of two thousand years, tried to play over again the game of Alexander the Great. "Alas!" thought the Spirit, "man is advancing *intellectually*, but he is not advancing *morally*; he may advance in *knowledge*, but he does not advance in *wisdom*; humanity is like the kaleidoscope, it may vary its aspects, but not change its nature: I have watched the race for six thousand years, and find it still divided into knaves and fools; and here in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, the strong still prey on the weak, and the great mass of the inhabitants of the earth are ignorant, miserable, unhappy!"

The Spirit turned to depart—for ever; to seek, in other regions of the universe, a globe inhabited by creatures that at least *aimed* at fulfilling the end of their creation. Or if he ever returned, he hoped to find man removed, and his place occupied by beings endowed with a far lower degree of intelligence, who would be found obeying the laws of their nature, without the intellectual capacity which enabled the human race to pervert their happiness into their misery.

He gave one parting glance at the earth, as it rolled round in the sun's rays. "What a paradise it *might* be, if man were wise!" A strange commotion appeared; *REVOLUTIONS* were floating in the atmosphere; Greeks and Poles fought for liberty; the streets of

Paris were barricaded, and with cries, guns, and slaughter, the citizens were driving away one king, receiving another, and proclaiming themselves *FREE*; and while the continent of Europe shook in the moral earthquake, the reverberations were heard in Britain, and voices rung through the land, ever uttering one word—*REFORM*. And the Printing Machine commenced to whirl round with amazing rapidity, printed sheets flew out, enough to darken the air, and the people caught them as they fell, as the wanderers in the wilderness gathered the manna. Old men stood aloof, and shook their heads, and said that the sun of England's glory was set for ever; and the young clapped their hands, shouted for joy, and sung a chorus, in which were heard the words—"cheap literature—diffusion of knowledge—advance of the popular mind—universal education—and general happiness!" "Now!" thought the Spirit, "the time *is* come—let me turn back to see what will come of this wonderful matter." Much he saw, that he delighted to see; for it revived the spirit of hope, that man was really a progressive animal, and that the long fruit of his watching toil would at last appear.

Slowly, from year to year, the hubbub abated, the confusion appeared less confused, and the fruits of progress were diligently looked for. "Soldier," whispered the Spirit, "this is the commencement of the year 1841—Is man a progressive creature?"

"Oh, yes," replied the soldier, "we have got to such perfection in gunnery, that we can point cannon, even on the unsteady element of the sea, and send balls slap bang into a small opening in a wall; and we can blow up a bomb-proof building, and in a moment send thousands of our fellow-creatures into pieces in the air; and as for *WAR*, why, not only barbarous nations, but the most enlightened countries of the world, France, Great Britain, and the United States, are prepared, if occasion arises, to play it over again, on a grand and magnificent scale!"

"Emigrant," said the Spirit, "this is the commencement of 1841, and colonization is conducted on new principles: fraud is scarcely possible, and failure not to be thought of: you are leaving the land of your fathers, and are carrying with you to new lands the arts and civilization of Europe; you will be amongst the first founders of a new and glorious empire—Is man a progressive creature?"

The emigrant sighed, and said, that he had sold off all that he had, to buy sections of land in a paradise, under the care of high-minded gentlemen, who only sought to ameliorate the condition of their fellow-men, and to benefit the world at large; that he had put his money into the *BANK OF HUMBUGEASY*, of which the Hon. Diddlem Do was Secretary; and that when he arrived at the place of his destination, his sections of the paradise turned out to be portions of a sandy desert, and the agent of the Bank of Humbugeasy was no where to be found.

A physician and a surgeon now passed onwards, engaged in earnest conversation about a new instrument for a new operation. "Men," whispered the

Spirit, "it is your peculiar business to watch over whatever alleviates the woes of humanity—Is man a progressive creature?"

Both answered in one breath, "The art of quackery is advancing; it is already invading the ranks of the legitimate profession, and will soon drive honour and honesty out of the field; no unfriended man, however able and however honourable, can get on, without an enormous amount of *make-believe*; he must drive a carriage when he can hardly get a dinner; pretend to cure nature, in spite of nature, and, above all—he *must publish a book*. Oh, it is in our profession, that we find how peculiarly man is an animal, with whom

"The pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat."

"Publisher—what sayest thou? You belong to an *honourable trade*; you sell imperishable goods, the products of immortal mind—in benefiting yourself, you benefit all who deal with you—what sayest thou? Is man a progressive creature?"

The publisher laughed, and said—"The reading public advance after the same fashion that a kitten does, when it turns round in pursuit of its tail. Not long ago, the public were all agog for a combination of cheapness and usefulness; they would swallow hardly anything but steam engines, railroads, acids, alkalies, and political economy: now, nothing goes down but frivolous stories, and the adventures of housebreakers and thieves; get me up some odious trash, spiced with vulgar, offensive, disgusting, degrading, or even hideous details, and I will sell you many thousand copies!"

With fear and trembling, the Spirit turned to the critic. "You watch men and manners—Is man a progressive creature?"

The critic sneered, and said, that *PROGRESS* was the dream of young, ardent, generous, or crotchety minds, who pursued a shadow. As for *NATIONAL LITERATURE*, there was nothing of the sort; it was no longer the darling and exclusive profession of the genuine scholar and the man of cultivated taste, nor was it pursued on systematic principles; and while works of genuine merit were handed back by Publishers to Authors, with the fatal words—"Won't sell!"—the outpourings of every scribbler were vendible commodities. Man a progressive creature! like the dog, he returns homewards by the same road, and by the same landmarks!

The Spirit fled, to return no more, until the commencement of the Millennium!

Nevertheless, *MAN* is a *progressive* creature. The *old* readers of the *LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL* do not require to be reminded that we started with this sentiment as the polar star of our periodical; and they also know, that though our wishes and intentions were greater than our power, we have, from time to time, tried to work the idea out. We therefore address ourselves to the *new* readers of the *JOURNAL*, and inform them, that, in starting afresh, we propose to

revert, once more, to what may be termed our *first principles*. The idea of the progress of the human race contains in it all the elements of hope—without it, the existence of man on the earth would be a long-drawn out continuance of misery, but little relieved even by the consolations of religion. But man is advancing; he is advancing in *wisdom* as well as in *knowledge*, though doubtless he advances faster in the one than in the other, and therefore advances unequally. But he *does* advance; and all who, by speech or writing, inspire minds with generous emotions, or add to the knowledge of individuals, are labourers in the cause of the advancement of man.

WE—THE *LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL*—wish to labour in this cause. We have already tried to throw a mite into the treasury of human feeling; we are willing to make our mite a farthing, and our farthing a penny. As the showmen say, "for the small charge of twopence weekly," we offer to do our best to amuse and to instruct and to improve. We do not here address those unintellectual animals, who would freely part with their twopence for a few rotten apples or a few rottener oranges, but if called upon to exchange their twopence for a periodical, would turn over its leaves for half an hour, in doubt whether they will buy or not. We address that large and continually increasing number amongst the thinking classes, who can understand that it requires much thought and combination of labour to produce even such a sheet as the present one; and that paper maker and printer, artist and author, and publisher and booksellers, must all have a *living* profit out of it. By our *pictures* we wish to assist in stirring that feeling for pictorial beauty which, we are sorry to say, is still feeble enough among the reading public of Great Britain. By our illustrations of human character, and *Pictures of Life*, we wish to help our readers to laugh, or cry, or *think*, as the subject may incline them; and by our portraits of eminent public characters, to make them acquainted with the actors in the great drama of human existence. And by whatever else may appear in our periodical, we wish to make our readers learn, that even in the very act, so to speak, of idling away half an hour, or in the apparently careless glancing the eye over a piece of printed paper, they may receive generous impulses or abiding thoughts, and that seeds of immortal truth may drop into their minds, to fructify there for ever.

Now, readers, say unto our periodical—*LIVE!* And thus, amid the ten thousand times ten thousand printed sheets that float weekly from this great metropolis into all parts of the globe, the *LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL* may have a name and a place, and boast a constituency of appreciating readers in every part of the United Kingdom.

LONDON:

THOMAS ARNOLD, PATERNOSTER ROW.
Edinburgh: FRASER & Co. Dublin: CURRY & Co.
Glasgow: D. BRYCE.

Printed by J. Rider, 14, Bartholomew Close, London.